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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 8, 1899. NUMBER 15.

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HYMN.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

The thought was small, its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

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On June 6 and 20 July 4 and 18, August 1 and 15, September 5 and 19, and October 3 and 17, 1899, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good twenty-one days) from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points on its line to a great many points in South and North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and other western and southwestern states, at greatly reduced rates. Take a trip West and see the wonderful crop results of last year, and what an amount of good land can be purchased for a little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent, or by addressing George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony building, Chicago.

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DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

There has been a great deal written about the doctrine of evolution, and a great deal talked about it. It has met with warm supporters, and equally warm opponents, but the discussion on the subject is generally terminated by the declaration that each side holds different views on what is meant by evolution. In fact, the general public has very hazy notions on what the dispute is about, though it recognizes the interest and importance of the subject, and anyone who succeeds in placing the theory in a clear light, and in a concise and intelligible form does a good work for which the public ought to be grateful. This has been effected by Miss Effie McLeod in a small book published by Alfred C. Clark & Co., Chicago, entitled, "A Popular Exposition of the Theory of Evolution," which treats the subject in a very able manner, and a very fascinating style; the authoress has evidently studied the matter deeply and carefully weighed the evidence for and against; her conclusions, therefore, will be read with interest by the scientific world, and with intelligent comprehension by the non-scientific public.

Miss McLeod is, we are proud to say, a Quebec lady, and her treatise, small and unassuming as it is, does honor to her native place, as much as it is creditable to herself. The book is for sale at Messrs. Hanson, Walsh, Evoy and Moore's, and is dedicated to Professor Jas. Clark Murray, of McGill College.

(*Quebec Telegraph.*)

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1899. NUMBER 15.

In the appointment of Prof. Hadley of the Yale faculty to the presidency of that great university there is a recognition of youth, learning and of the laity which somewhat runs counter to the holy traditions of the institution, but the clergy need the new blood as much as the institution. Let the preachers heed the lessons of President Hadley.

In the establishing of the new "College of Comparative Medicine" at Harvard University we have another suggestive confirmation of the triumph of the philosophy of evolution which has already become also the science of evolution. Man cannot be understood as an independent factor standing apart from the rest of the universe, but he must be studied only as a link in the long and mystic chain of being; reptile, bird, beast and man are mutually interpretive of one another. It is to be hoped that in this study that human life will not be cheapened, but that beast life will be elevated. Let the sanctities of life be more and more respected and the rights of all sentient beings be sacredly guarded from wanton torture and profane curiosity.

That was rather a small way to raise money for a new girls' school at Andover, Mass., by the Rev. Dr. Donald, Philips Brooks' successor, when, as reported by the "Boston Herald," he avowed his dislike of Bryn Mawr and Wellesley because they and similar woman's colleges make woman "erudite," after which she becomes "a blue-stocking," incapable of accomplishing the "good which she might otherwise." This new school, according to the learned doctor, is going to give woman a "finish without doing her any harm!" Indeed! For our part we prefer the women who are not "finished" but have caught the spirit of the higher learning, that causes the soul to eternally aspire, that gives to women as to men what George Eliot calls "a parching thirst for a perfection undemanded by one's neighbors."

At the annual meeting of the New England Cremation Society, held in Boston last week, John Storer Cobb, Esq., the first president of the society, offered some suggestive figures. The first crematory was privately built in Washington, Pa., in 1876. There are at the present time twenty-five crematories in the United States and 8,883 bodies have been incinerated in America, 1,099 of which were cremated last year. Up to the present time only 1,664 human bodies have been cremated in the British Isles. The above is an encouraging indication of the growth of public sentiment in this direction. The economic and hygienic arguments in favor of this method of disposing of the dead are obvious. Slowly the enlightened will realize that the æsthetic and poetic considerations are also on the side of this beautiful, quick, effective and inoffensive method of restoring the material elements of the body to the elemental world from which they are derived. Let the rational views of death and the hereafter bring forth rational methods of disposing of the dead.

New York City has now had its abduction scandal and strain as Chicago had it a few weeks ago. The plot coolly prepared and deliberately executed on the part of a husband and wife and an apparently unsophisticated country girl, who sought the position of nurse, wooed and won the confidence of the parents and the love of the baby for the especial purpose of stealing the child when the time was ripe for the sole purpose of securing the returns that would come in the way of ransom money, will be used, as well it may, as evidence of the depravity which human nature is capable of, and as a horrible measure of the greed of the human heart for gold. But this obvious lesson must not go without its counterpart and equally obvious lesson. That the metropolis of America, the Greater New York, was torn from center to circumference with unfeigned sympathy with and anxiety for the distracted mother of Marion Clarke. For over a week the fate of a little girl child overlaid all considerations of trade, finance, national or international politics. And further still let it be remembered that the poor fool of a girl who lent herself to the fell business shed bitter tears of sympathy for the parents she had wronged and consoled herself in the solitude of her prison cell with the thought that "the dear little child was with its mother." After all, does not even this bitter episode prove that the depth that lies "beneath the deep infernal" is a depth of purity, of love and aspiration rather than the depths of evil and of hatred?

Our attention has been called to a statement, on page 216 of the issue of May 18 of this paper, which may possibly be misleading. In speaking of Susan E. Blow and her connection with kindergarten work in America, the writer says: "Miss Blow saw the travail of her soul and last year she passed away from the kindergarten globe, satisfied." Miss Blow is as busily at work in her chosen avocation as ever and perhaps is not yet quite satisfied. Long may her hand rest on the plow and long may her presence help to make this old earth a more tender home for little children.

On another page we reprint the first part of an article on the department stores of Chicago, which are probably typical of department stores throughout this country. When an epidemic invades the land or some slow but deadly disease claims its victims by the thousands, scientists get to work in their laboratories to find the germs of the disease and the best means to eradicate it; but only by the co-operation of the community can their efforts be made effective. Here a fine piece of laboratory work has

been done by Annie Marion McLean, a student of sociology in the University of Chicago, but its high purpose will be nullified unless members of the community are touched by a sense of their individual responsibility and are aroused to coöperative effort. Pending the time when woman is accorded the full rights of citizenship, would it not be wholesome preparatory training, even from a political standpoint, for her to learn to administer her resources, be they small or great, in such a way as to make life less difficult for others? Trusts and the corrupting influence of the money power are acknowledged to be tremendous factors in the civilization of to-day, but the simplest housekeeper who spends but twenty dollars a year on her wardrobe has a weapon which she can wield for righteousness and humanity. The last sweatshop garment will have been made just as soon as the purchasers are a unit in deciding against them. No girl in any store in all the land shall be paid starvation wages for a fair days work or subjected to any indignity in the discharge of her duties when the buying public demands that it shall be otherwise. Of old the young man came to Jesus with the question, "What shall I do to be saved." To-day every minister and those whose work lies in similar directions are assailed by the cry, "How can I help." It is the new rendering of the old gospel. Inquire into the purpose and methods of the Illinois Consumers' League and find one means of helpfulness possible to all.

Editorial Correspondence.

Boston.

The senior editor left Chicago Sunday afternoon, May 28, for a trip to the East, in the interest of the Liberal Congress. Decoration Day, Tuesday the 30th, found him in New York City, where, after many years of postoffice friendship, the pastor of All Souls Church, New York, and of All Souls Church, Chicago, met face to face, and exchanged greetings. They met on neutral grounds, for a railroad station belongs to everybody, and the Long Island Depot served a convenient trysting place, where the supposed distinctions of Episcopalian, Independent, Orthodox and Heretodox went for little, for the visit necessitated a prompt search for the fundamentals. Our readers have already had reason to know of Dr. Heber Newton's interest in the work of UNITY and the Congress, but it is beyond the power of an editorial letter to acquaint them with the heartiness of the greeting, the cordiality of the fellowship and the active intellectual, as well as material, contributions to the work in hand that come from this genial and progressive Episcopalian rector.

At the end of the two hours the Boston Congress was already assuming definite proportions, and the secretary's book was already loaded with a wealth of suggestions as to topics, methods and personalities.

New York believes in Decoration Day—perhaps in all holidays—more than Chicago. A real Sunday quiet pervaded its streets, and the heights of Staten Island, with their shady solitudes, afforded the rest that became the Sunday calm for the remainder of the day.

Wednesday morning found us in Boston—the first time in seven years—and, aside from the business in hand, the journey was justified, in the mind of the editor, by either one of the three following reasons:

First, the new Boston Public Library, with its wealth of books, its achievements in art and its still higher promise was seen for the first time. Chavannes' decorations and the Sargent paintings are happily familiar to thousands of people who never have visited Boston, by means of photographic, stereoscopic and stereoptican views; but to see them on the walls is one more illustration of the great element in life and in art. It was all that we had seen, plus the color. The stately outlines, the gracious forms, the intellectual meaning of pictures, as in life, may be realized in black and white, but the feeling, the radiance, the joy of the one, as of the other, depends upon the color.

The new Boston Public Library is hardly to be compared with its humble contemporary, the new Chicago Public Library, but in the contrast there is no reason for Chicago to blush on account of its public library, for, though it is a dwarf compared in size to the Boston library, its architecture much less pretentious (and perhaps less satisfying), and it is wanting in that investment of art which is the pride of Boston and the wealth of our country; still, in Chicago, as in Boston, books are glorified in their public libraries and bookmakers are enthroned. Reading is honored and the intellectual life of both cities is complimented with the best they have, the highest they have been able to achieve as yet in architecture and the attendant arts.

The second interest that justified the visit is the great and satisfying achievement of Boston's "subways"—the highways underground that are so successfully solving the problem of transportation. The old, congested street car lines, the bewildering tangle of Tremont street and Scully square are all gone. You descend into regions by no means plutonic, but into spacious, brilliantly lighted halls. Without delay or danger you take your seat, and are whisked at high speed through well ventilated and well lighted corridors, and when next you emerge into daylight you are where there is elbow room. Without vexation you speed on to your destination. The subways of Boston must give it the best intramural transportation of any city in America—probably of the world—because the dim and stygian chambers of the London "underground" railway are a terror to the traveler; they haunt the memory like a nightmare, while the Boston subways leave a sensation as if one had taken a flight through the realms of the fairy-folk, where dwell the happy Queen Mab and her tribes of Celtic folk-lore.

In the third place, it was worth while to go to Boston just for the sake of grasping the hands of the faithful friends and yoke-fellows of previous days—those who had stood with us on life's battle lines in Chicago, who shared with us the strain and the joy

of living, and who are and always will be members of the UNITY band and co-workers with it wherever they may be.

The event of Wednesday in anniversary week is the "Berry Street Conference," held in the Arlington Street Church, and entered through the Boylston street entrance. From time immemorial this has been the time and place when the Unitarian clergy, without fear of reporter or public scandal, have reveled in the exciting delights of their theological Valhalla, where, for the mere joy of the battle, they hack one another to pieces, and then, to prove the innocence of their onslaught, and the harmlessness of their weapons, the dismembered fragments of the hacked promptly reunite, and the victims are as good as ever, ready for the next joust on the Valhalla battle day, which will occur when the Berry Street Conference meets again in 1900.

This year the hero who entered the list was Charles F. Dole. He read a great paper on the "Theology of Civilization." It was an altogether satisfying paper to the unsophisticated mind of the editor of UNITY, but even this high interpretation of the Universe and bright prophecy of the future challenged the steel of his associates. For our part philosophy seems to us to demand the most beautiful interpretation of the Universe possible. The recognition of the divine potencies, in matter and in mind, demand the deepest sympathy possible with the weak and wicked, and call for the supreme patience and forbearance, and after all this all such schemes will be altogether unsatisfactory, not on account of the excessive optimism, but because they are still but minus quantities, because the reality is still something more and better, rather than something less and worse.

At 2 p. m. the alumni of the Meadville Theological School banqueted together, but your correspondent had to content himself with a fraction of the material menu and to miss the whole of the spiritual feast, for that which he came for called him at three o'clock to meet the local committee to lay plans for the autumnal Congress. The committee met in the Parker Memorial Hall, and though it was in the midst of the pressing engagements of anniversary week, a goodly number gathered.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer came from Providence; Rev. Daniel Evans of the Congregational Church of Cambridge; Mr. Carter, the Congregational minister of Somerville; Mr. Noyes, the Congregational minister of Roxbury; Dr. Janes of the Cambridge Conference; Mr. Dole and Mr. Crothers of the Unitarian Fellowship; Mr. Hall of the Universalist Fellowship; Mr. John C. Haynes and Mrs. Edna D. Cheney of the Free Religious Association; Mr. Edwin D. Mead of the "New England Magazine" were present in person, while Profs. Toy and Shaler of Harvard University and many others reported their interest by letter.

It is too early to give to the public the result of this diligent and close application to the problem in hand, but in due time we trust that we will be able to give evidence that this also made worth while our going to Boston.

A long, quiet evening at the cozy nest of the Mead's made us party to a triangular conference on the state of the nation, and the necessary things to do in order to usher in the kingdom of love and righteousness. It was quite evident to that editorial trinity, that if the United States would only take the advice of the "New England Magazine" and of the UNITY things would go along faster; but, it was equally evident that there was great hesitation on the part of the nation in accepting such advice.

Thursday, June 1, it was the Moral Education Society in the forenoon, a touch of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society and a word to the New England Cremation Society in the afternoon, and the ever eventful Unitarian festival in the evening. The Moral Education Society was true to its name, and so far as we could learn it was the only gathering of the week that rose to its opportunity and officially protested against that national weakness, blindness, moral turpitude—call it what you choose—which allowed a war, begun in the interests of humanity and liberty, to degenerate into a war that is practically a struggle for territory, and an assault upon a people who, like the Cubans, were fighting for their liberty, and who now, unlike the Cubans, are receiving our bullets instead of our sympathy, in their home struggle toward American principles and American privileges.

Rev. Chas. G. Ames, at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Society on Tuesday, presented a similar resolution, but the newspapers said that the resolution was received with hisses; but some of those present reported that the cheers overwhelmed and silenced the possible hisses. However this may be, it is certain that the resolution never came out of the hands of the "committee"—that ever handy, and, to most Unitarian gatherings, ever efficacious, contrivance of keeping the peace. But on Tuesday evening, before our arrival, John W. Chadwick, in his memorial word for George William Curtiss, put in his ringing rebuke to the President, who had just let down the bars to let 4,000 hungry office seekers in at the critical moment in Ohio politics and to the insult and injury of our civil service, which is none too good at its best.

"The Festival" kept up the traditional standards of hospitality, compliment and mutual admiration. Music Hall, as ever, was filled with good things to eat, and with the necessary amount of good appetites to match. The Unitarian ministers and their wives, the Unitarian laity and the Unitarian influence, and the Unitarian Body were exploited; but, with John D. Long of the President's cabinet, and chief of the navy, in the chair, and a live general among the speakers, and the echoes of General Anderson's commemoration address still ringing through the crooked streets of Boston—an address which was an apotheosis of war, a glorification of force, a vindication of arms throughout—the speakers, as might be expected, sailed close to the shore, and no hot questions were touched. Albeit W. D. Simonds, from the West, came dangerously near it when he ventured to speak a modifying word over the Dewey enthusiasm, and when he declared that, if in the settlement of the present perplexing questions, our nation forgot the

principles of the Declaration of Independence, it will live to curse all of our recent victories.

Friday was the Free Religious Association Day. In the morning it was "Immortality;" in the afternoon, "The Bible in the Light of Modern Thought;" in the evening, festival pleasures and inspirations. The morning brought out the heavy guns. Prof. Royce of Harvard, Prof. Hyslop of Columbia, Dr. L. G. Janes, worked hard and patiently at the "arguments," but the exceeding heat of the day and the exceeding length of the session made immortality seem less desirable than under other circumstances.

In the afternoon B. Fay Mills, Mr. Crothers and the editor of UNITY said their word on "The Bible in the Light of Modern Thought," and then came the sensation and the experiment. Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll was the last speaker. We were glad that there was a religious platform that was willing to give Robert Ingersoll a chance to be heard. We were sorry that the gifted orator proved so inadequate to the occasion. Perhaps the manuscript which he used would excuse his failure to understand the audience and the situation, but it was none the less deplorable that for an hour and a half he wielded the weapons of sarcasm and assumed that he was talking to people incapable of courageous thinking, and unacquainted with the deep problems of faith and of doubt, while the truth was that he was talking to people who had long since obeyed his oft-repeated request, "Come, be honest now!"—people who had faced all the "facts" he arrayed and who still, by thought, through courage and through duty, had come to conclusions more hopeful and more complimentary to the Universe and to themselves, than the rather drastic pessimism in which he dealt. At least they were a people that called for and deserved serious handling of serious questions. The truth seemed painfully apparent that Colonel Ingersoll has become so habituated to the methods of sarcasm and to the habits of the humorist that it is hard for him to escape the debilitating temptation to provoke a laugh, even when dealing with men's serious convictions and their most sacred feelings.

The festival in the evening must have been one of the pleasantest gatherings of the week. The topic suggested to the speakers was that of "Art and Religion," "Has Free Religion Begun to Sing?" The answer came first in the shape of a beautiful little volume, containing the hymns that have been written for the society's festivals from time to time, beautifully printed by James H. West, he who knows so well how to enshrine high thought in beautiful typography. The answer came again in the words and in the benignant presence of Julia Ward Howe, the youthful octogenarian, and Edna D. Cheney, the beneficent mother of the F. R. A.; of Mr. Molloy, the Emersonian interpreter of Emerson, who has recently emerged into publicity, to the delight of the thoughtful of New England, and whom we hope to help to introduce to western audiences ere long.

Other addresses were made by President-elect Dr. Janes, Mr. B. Fay Mills and the editor of UNITY.

Midnight found us rolling away from Boston, and before we reach Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Meadville will make further impressions upon the editorial mind and further drafts upon his sympathy and strength. Meanwhile he sends greetings to readers East and West.

J. Ll. J.

Two Weeks in Department Stores.*[1]

PART I.

It is so common for those who purchase goods to think nothing at all about the clerk in attendance, or the conditions under which the goods were produced, that it seems timely just now, when the Consumers' League[2] has started upon a crusade of educating the public, to give a true picture of some conditions existing in Chicago.

The necessity of a thorough investigation of the work of women and children in the large department stores in the city was apparent, and the difficulties manifold. With a view to ascertaining some things which could be learned only from the inside, the investigation which is to form the subject-matter of this paper was undertaken. It seemed evident that valuable information could be obtained if someone were willing to endure the hardships of the saleswoman's life, and from personal experience be able to pass judgment upon observed conditions. The urgency of the need, coupled with an enthusiastic interest in the work for which the Consumers' League stands, led me to join the ranks of the retail clerks for two weeks during the rush of the holiday trade. It may be urged that just judgments could not be formed at a time when conditions must be abnormal. It is true that conditions were abnormal, but the importance of knowing to what extent cannot be overestimated. The consumer should know how far his Christmas shopping works hardship for the clerks. Moreover, he should concern himself with the question as to whether the abnormal conditions he has helped to create are in part mitigated by adequate payment for the work exacted. The law in Illinois[3] prohibits the employment of children under fourteen years, and limits the working day of those between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to ten hours in manufacturing and mercantile establishments, and it should be a matter of concern to the purchaser if his persistence in late shopping leads the merchant to break, or at least evade, the law. It is admittedly a menace to the social weal to have children and young girls working late at night, and thus exposed to the dangers of city streets at a time when physical and moral safety demand that they be at home. One of the objects of this investigation was to find the amount of overtime exacted, and the compensation, if any, that was given. Employers are always ready to tell the best conditions that exist; it remains to others to find the worst. And the Consumers' League utterly refuses to indorse stores that do not live up to its standard all the time.

And yet some will argue that any effort in behalf of the employes in the great stores is unnecessary. Many objections were urged against factory legislation in the early days of that reform. The champions of the movement in England met with strenuous opposition, but finally their frightful revelations of actual conditions overcame their opponents, and a wave of enthusiastic reform set in. The history in this country is similar. From 1830 to 1874 agitation for the protection of women and children in the factories was kept up, till finally, at the latter date, the Massachusetts Act became a reality. Then other states followed the example set, until, at the present time, almost all the states having large manufacturing interests have very

*The following is reprinted from the May number of "The American Journal of Sociology" in the interest of the Consumers' League of Illinois and in the endeavor to extend its work. Thousands of names should be enrolled in this band of helpers. Send your name and membership fee (25 cents) to Miss Marianna Gay, 3906 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

1. It should be distinctly stated that the two department stores in which the material for this paper was collected are not the establishments which have the best reputation of their class in Chicago.

2. The Consumers' League of Illinois was organized by the collegiate alumnæ of this city in February, 1897, when a standard was adopted and a provisional constitution drawn up. A permanent organization, with Mrs. Charles Henrotin as president, was effected at a meeting held in Hull House, November 30, 1898. The league at the present time has about eight hundred members.

3. Child labor law of Illinois, February, 1897.

good factory laws. Illinois is a notable exception.[4] Such, in a word, has been the history of the factory laws. We are just on the eve of an agitation for the amelioration of the conditions under which a vast army of saleswomen and cash children work. Thoughtful people all over the country have already recognized the necessity for this, but the whole body of the people must be awakened. And to help, in a small way, the educative movement here my labor was undertaken.

The difficulty of finding employment was not so great as might be supposed. Owing to the holiday rush, and the consequent need of large reinforcements to the original help, the employers were not insistent on experience as requisite for the successful applicant. However, it was not until several visits had been made that I was promised a position at three dollars a week. Work was to begin the following Monday, which would give me just two weeks of the Christmas trade. Employment being promised, it seemed desirous to engage board in some home for working women for the environment which such a place would provide gave promise of the best results. I was fortunate in finding a most satisfactory place not far from the heart of the city, and there I went as a working woman. This home is deserving of more than passing mention. It provides board and lodging, together with the use of pleasant parlors and library, to working women under thirty years of age for two dollars and a half a week, if they are content to occupy a single bed in a dormitory. These dormitories are thoughtfully planned and accommodate from ten to fifteen each. A large proportion of the sixty-five residents were saleswomen, and they, in the course of conversation, gave me much useful information. All classes of girls were there, and most of them received very low wages.

This, then, was the place from which I started out to work on the appointed Monday morning. The hurried breakfast, the rush out into the street thronged with a lunch-carrying humanity hastening to the down-town district, and the cars packed with pale-faced, sleepy-eyed men and women, made the working world seem very real. Hurrying workers filled the heart of the city; no one else was astir. I reached my destination promptly at eight, the time of opening. Then I had to stand in line at the manager's office awaiting my more definite appointment, which was received in due time. But the manager had changed his mind about wages, and said he would give me two dollars a week, plus 5 per cent. commission on sales, instead of the regular salary he had mentioned in our former interview. I was then given a number, and by "424" I was known during my stay there. I was sent to the toy department, where I found sixty-seven others who were to be my companions in toil. The place was a dazzling array of all kinds of toys, from a monkey beating a drum to a doll that said "mamma" and a horse whose motor force was to be a small boy. Our business was first to dust and condense[5] the stock, and then to stand ready for customers. We all served in the double capacity of floorwalkers and clerks, and our business was to see that no one escaped without making a purchase. The confusion can be readily imagined. As soon as the elevators emptied themselves on the floor there was one mad rush of clerks with a quickly spoken, "What would you like, madam?" or, "Something in toys, sir?" And the responses to these questions were indicative of the characters of the people making them. The majority were rude, some amused, and a few alarmed at the urgency of the clerks. One young boy, on being assailed by half a dozen at once, threw up his hands in horror, and said: "For God's sake, let me get out of here!" and fled down the stairs, not even waiting for the elevator.

4. The supreme court declared the law of 1893 unconstitutional.

5. This meant to pile like things together in as small space as possible.

The cause of such watchful activity on the part of so many employes was the 5 per cent. commission, which was to eke out the two or three dollars a week salary. Those who were experienced received the latter sum. And the extra nickels earned meant so much to many of them. Most of the girls in that department lived at home or with relatives, but in many cases the necessity for money was most urgent.

One of the difficult things at first was keeping track of the prices, for they were frequently changed during the day, and the penalty for selling under price was immediate discharge, while selling above price met with no disapproval.

Every morning there were special sales. Sometimes articles that had sold for one dollar would be reduced to ninety-eight cents, with much blowing of trumpets, while, again, twenty-five-cent articles would be offered at a bargain for forty cents "to-day only." But we soon learned what things were to be "leaders" from day to day, and the manager's brief instructions each morning were sufficient to keep us posted on the bargains.

Oh, the weariness of that first morning! The hours seemed days. "Can I possibly stand up all day?" was the thought uppermost in my mind, for I soon learned from my companions that abusive language was the share of the one who was found sitting down. Later in the week I found this to be true. One of the girls who was well-nigh exhausted sat a moment on a little table that was for sale—there was not a seat of any kind in the room, and the only way one could get a moment's rest was to sit on the children's furniture that was for sale on one part of the floor. The manager came along and found the poor girl resting. The only sympathy he manifested was to call out in rough tones: "Get up out of that, you lazy huzzy, I don't pay you to sit around all day!" Under such circumstances it is small wonder that the stolen rests were few. By night the men as well as the women were limping wearily across the floor, and many sales were made under positive physical agony.

How well I remember my first service there! The people were slow in coming that morning; in fact, they were every morning. We scarcely ever had any business worth mentioning till eleven o'clock, and the greatest rush came about six. From half past twelve to two was a busy time also. People seemed determined to shop when we ought to be getting our meals. My first two customers were of a type that abounds. First an angular woman with a business-like expression came to me and in peremptory tones demanded that I show her building blocks. They were dutifully shown but proved unsatisfactory. Then dolls' buggies, boys' sleds, laundry sets and skates were examined in slow succession, and I was catechized in a thoroughly pedagogical manner regarding the prices and merits of the same. When the last skate had been critically examined, she fixed a patronizing gaze upon me and said: "I do not intend to buy to-day; I merely wished to examine your goods." "Was she a revenue officer?" was the first thought that came to my mind. Oh, no! in the language of the shop, she was only a "rubber neck." I afterward estimated the distance walked with her, and found it to be about one-twelfth of a mile, and still I had not a sale on my book. She took half an hour of my time.

The next customer who fell to my lot was a man of vinegary mien, who wanted a boy's sled at a cost of one dollar and a half. Now, we had none at that particular price, but we had them at one dollar and thirty-five and one dollar and sixty-five cents, either of which I thought would suit him. But I was mistaken, for he turned upon me a look of utter scorn, and then proceeded to denounce me for advertising things we did not have in stock. I meekly suggested that I was not responsible for the advertisements which appeared in

the morning papers, but he was not at all mollified, and left in high dudgeon. I felt rather blue, but the comforting voice of a little cash girl said: "Don't yer mind him, he's only a cheap skate." Thus reassured I started out on another adventure. This time it was a small boy who wanted to buy, and the bright-faced little fellow did me good. He had eighty cents, he said, and he wanted presents for the baby, and Tom, and Freda, and Cousin Jack, and several others. I suggested one thing after another, till finally he had spent his money; so I made out my first check and looked at it with pride.

My first day ended at half past six. Through some oversight a supper ticket was not given me, and so I was allowed to go home. I went wearily to the cloak room and more wearily to my boarding place. When I arrived there I could only throw myself upon my little white cot in the dormitory and wildly wonder if it would be all right for a working girl to cry. Presently I was dreaming that blows from an iron mallet were falling fast upon me, and in a little while it was morning and another day was begun. Hundreds of clerks in the city were starting out for work just as weary as I, but with them there was not the knowledge that labor could be ended at will.

It must be understood that "our house" was open every evening till about ten o'clock, and the only compensation given for the extra work was a supper, the market value of which was about fifteen cents. That, like the lunch, had to be eaten in great haste. The maximum time allowed, in either case, was thirty minutes, but our instructions were to "hurry back." That half an hour was wholly inadequate one can readily imagine. It sometimes took ten or fifteen minutes to get a simple order filled in the crowded restaurants near by. The lunch outside meant from ten to fifteen cents a day out of our small earnings, but the breath of even the smoky outdoor air was worth that to us. The air inside was always foul, and the continual noise was fairly maddening. We were obliged to eat our supper in the store, where it was provided. The second day I partook of what the management magnanimously called the "free supper." We were fed in droves and hurried away before the last mouthful was swallowed. The menu consisted of a meat dinner and an oyster stew, the latter of which I always elected with the lingering hope that it had not been made of scraps left from the regular café dinner earlier in the day. The said stew consisted of a bowl of hot milk, in the bottom of which lurked three oysters, except on that memorable day when I found four.

The days in the store were much the same, with their endless fatigue. At times the rush would be great: then again we would have nothing to do but stand around and talk. Thus we became surprisingly well acquainted in a short time. We talked about our wages and compared index sheets on every possible occasion. Some sold very little, and at the end of the week had no more than three dollars.[6] The mental anguish of some of the girls when they saw at night how small their sales had been is impossible to describe. One may elect to become a worker and endure the hardships of the toil, and live the life of the laborer, and receive the same starvation wages, but he can never experience the abject wretchedness of not knowing where to turn when the last dollar is gone. Three dollars a week to a girl alone in the city means starvation or shame.

The fourth day of the week was one I remember well. There had been special sales the day before and everyone was more tired than usual; consequently those in charge were more than usually harsh and discourteous. One girl was ill. She should not have left home, but she feared losing her place if she remained away. She found after an hour or two that she could not work, so she asked permission to go home. The answer given was that she need not return if she left then. The floorwalker, who had a spark of humanity in his breast, told her that she could go to the toilet room and lie down, if she would come out to her place once in a while to show that she was there. That poor girl spent the day on the rough, dirty floor, with a cash girl's apron for a pillow.

The cloak, toilet and lunch rooms were the gloomiest and filthiest it was ever my misfortune to enter. The cobwebs and dirt-besmeared floors looked "spooky" under the flickering glare of insufficient gaslight. The only ventilation came through a foul basement, and there the little girl attendants stayed all day and late into the night. And that was where the girls who brought lunches had to eat them. A few rough board tables and chairs in a more or less advanced state of ruin were provided, and scores of hungry girls sat around and ate lunches from newspaper parcels and drank coffee from tin cans.[7] It was not a healthful atmosphere, either physically or morally, and yet it was typical of the poorer class of stores. The slang of the streets, interspersed with oaths, formed the staple medium of communication. A young and innocent newcomer could not fail to feel shocked at what she heard. Refinement of thought and speech would soon disappear in such an environment. I never saw a clean towel in the toilet room. Several hundred pairs of hands were wiped on the coarse, filthy piece of crash each day, and there was no woman in attendance to see that things were kept in a sanitary condition. Two little girls were in the cloak room, but they had nothing to do with the adjoining places. The rooms were merely narrow hallways. The wretchedness of all these appointments was forced upon me the day my fellow worker was so ill. It was so hard to get our wraps at night, for then all the employes were there pushing their way to the front. One night a young girl in the line was rather restless, and one of the store officials charged her with crowding, and jerked her out of line so that she struck against a counter on the right. He then shoved her back with such force that she fell against another on the left. She was badly hurt, and the uproar which followed was mob-like in its intensity. The boys were going to shoot the offender, they said, but he only smiled, secure in the justness of his attack.[8] The case was afterward reported to the managers, but no reparation was ever made. The girl was unable to work the next day on account of the soreness of her back. In addition to the physical discomfort she had to endure, she lost a day's wages. From that warlike atmosphere we went forth into the night, and many of us had to go alone. That night I felt timid, so I asked if anyone was going my way. A little cash girl of only thirteen years spoke up and said: "I'll go wid yez." She had eight blocks to walk after she left me. The only mitigating circumstance was her total lack of fear. She was used to sights and sounds to which I was a stranger. There were always men on the street corners ready to speak to a girl alone, and one hesitating step meant danger. Almost every morning the girls had some story to tell of encounters with men of that class, and that they were not exaggerating was proved satisfactorily to me by an experience of my own. I stepped from the car one night after midnight, and soon found that I was being followed. The chase continued for two blocks, when I staggered breathlessly into my doorway, with my pursuer not five feet away. My terror had given me power to outrun him.

ANNIE MARION MAC LEAN.

University of Chicago.

(To be continued.)

6. On Saturday night all those whose sales averaged less than five dollars a day were discharged.

7. Coffee was supplied to employes at the rate of two cups for five cents.

8. This happened during my second week.

Good Poetry.

The Toys.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And mov'd and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So, when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I, whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—*C. Patmore.*

The Day After the Betrothal.

"What troubleth thee, Sweetheart?
For thine eyes are filled with tears,"—
I have dwelt in Arcadia, Love,
So many, many years!

"Is Arcadia fair, Sweetheart?
When I called, wert thou loth to go?"
Nay, ask me not that, I pray,
For truly I do not know.

"Is Arcadia dear, Sweetheart,
That thine eyes are so heavy and wet?"
Dear? O Love, how dear
I may not tell thee yet!

"Would'st fain go back, Sweetheart?
It's only a step to take."
No, no! not back! but hold me close,
For my heart is like to break.

Not for Arcadia lost—
Ah, Love, have I not thee?
But, oh, the scent of those wind-swept hills,
And the salt breath of that sea!

—*Eva L. Ogden Lambert.*

Bacchus.

Listen to the tawny thief,
Hid behind the waxen leaf,
Growling at his fairy host,—
Bidding her with angry boast
Fill his cup with wine distilled
From the dew the dawn has spilled;
Stored away in golden casks
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who—who makes this mimic din
In this mimic meadow inn,
Sings in such a drowsy note,
Wears a golden-belted coat;
Loiters in the dainty room
Of this tavern of perfume;
Dares to linger at the cup
Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus 'tis, come back again
To the busy haunts of men;
Garlanded and gayly dressed,
Bands of gold about his breast;
Straying from his paradise,
Having pinions angel-wise,—
'Tis the honey-bee, who goes
Reveling within a rose!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

The Pulpit.

More Abundant Life.

A SERMON BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, OAKLAND, CAL.

"I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John x:10.

Life seems to be the end of the whole creative process of God.

If we go back in thought to the original fire mist from which scientists tell us that our world and the system to which it belongs were evolved, we find no life. We find only matter and motion. But that motion means that a journey is beginning. A journey whither? Toward what goal? If we could have stood by and looked on then we could not have answered—because the goal was so entirely hidden and so very far off. But now we can see what the goal was. It was life.

The first form of life reached was very low and crude and feeble. Where it came from we do not know. How it came we do not know, as we do not known the origin of matter or motion or force. About all we are able to see at so great a distance back is that it seems in some way to have come by the path of evolution. But it came, and its coming marked an era inconceivable, great and momentous in the history of our system.

Once here, life began unfolding. From the very simplest forms it slowly grew more complex. From the lowest forms—so low as to be hardly distinguishable from non-life—it gradually rose to forms higher and higher. The great new rising tide early separated into two main divisions, vegetable and animal. Each of these proceeded still further to divide and subdivide, and to develop into types and sub-types, each perfected in its own particular directions, until in the course of ages whose number it is idle to guess, the world came to be enriched by all the varied and wonderful flora and fauna, all the forms of vegetable and animal life, that we see on its surface to-day—the culmination of all being man—man erect in posture, man possessed of a hand that is the most wonderful of mechanical instruments, of a brain relatively the largest and most perfect in nature, and a mind that lifts him up into dominion over all other forms of life, and into kinship with the Creative Mind.

Nor did the development of life cease when man was reached. For man himself was to be perfected. In the new-born babe the stream of human life starts a tiny rill. In childhood it is a brook; in youth a strong stream; in manhood and womanhood a river. But rivers differ; so do the volume and strength of men's lives. There is a factor in human life which we all call heredity. What does heredity mean? It means the difference in the fountains from which our lives spring. A stream of water may issue from a copious and clear fountain, so high up in the mountains as to give it swiftness and momentum; or it may start in a feeble, intermittent and impure spring, and so low down that it can only creep sluggishly on its way. The same is true of human lives. Hence the value of being well born.

There is a not less important factor in life which we call environment. What does that mean? It means the difference in those conditions, associations and forces around us, as we go through the world, which tend to add to or draw from our life's stream. Rivers may flow through a desert, and become gradually absorbed in the arid barrenness around them, until, like the Abana and Pharpar of Syria, from noble streams they die into nothingness. While, on the other hand, streams less strong in their beginnings, may flow through fertile lands, where they are fed by rains and

snows and incoming tributaries, and thus widen and deepen as they advance. Precisely so it is with human beings. Desert environments may bring noble lives to little or nothing, while helpful environments may build up lives of limited original endowments into success and usefulness, increasing as the years go on.

What is education? Rightly understood, it is the strengthening and enlargement of life. How broad should be the scope of education? As broad as life. On what should most stress be placed? On those things which are most central in life. Should all education be book education? Yes, if we are to live all our lives in a world made up exclusively of books. No, if we are to live in a world of men and things. Should all education be of the intellect? Yes, if man is nothing but an intellect. No, if the intellect represents only a single continent of his great nature. If education is to be as broad as life it must include all that promotes life. It must include physical culture, to the end that man's body may be strong, and thus an adequate foundation on which to build the edifice of the spiritual; it should include intellect-culture, to the end that we may know, and thus gather into his hands the keys of power; it should include conscience-culture, to the end that he may do always the thing that is right. It should include heart-culture, to the end that he may relate himself sympathetically with his fellows, and in loving obedience to his Creator. An education which leaves undeveloped any important part of one's being, but especially the highest, is partial and poor.

Perhaps in the nature of the case the school must concern itself primarily with the intellectual. But if so, how immensely important becomes the church as the only organized instrumentality in society for the promotion of the moral and spiritual. Knowledge and religion are both necessary to life. Knowledge enlarges, but religion is needed to deepen. Knowledge clarifies; religion intensifies. Knowledge illuminates, but religion must come to sweeten, to enrich, to give permanent satisfaction to the soul. In the cold air of knowledge alone the heart shivers, freezes, dies. Only in religion is there that warmth in which can grow faith, hope, love—all the soul's higher affections, sentiments and joys.

We all love life. We chase over the world to get a fresh draft from life's cup. The world's greatest hunger is life-hunger.

> "'Tis life, O life, for which we pant,
> 'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

We sometimes mistake and measure life by its length—as if mere continuance of existence were life. A better measure is by its breadth, and especially by its depth. Many a short life is very rich, while many a long life is very barren. Quality of life, content of life, perfection of life, wealth of life—these are man's true aim.

> "Three camels, o'er the desert sands,
> Bore travelers from distant lands.
> When far domes gleamed through hazy air,
> One said: It is a time for prayer.
>
> "Alighting, in his camel's shade,
> Each bowed him to the earth and prayed.
> And each one named his soul's desire,
> To Him who gave men hearts of fire.
>
> "The first one prayed: 'My purpose bless.
> Give this world's honor, its success.
> Prolong my days. As I grow old
> Increase my lands, my friends, my gold.'
>
> "The second said: 'Forgive my sin,
> That I Thy heaven at last may win;
> O'er life's last wreck my soul would rise,
> To walk with Thee in Paradise.'
>
> "The last one prayed: 'O Heart above!
> Whose ways are hid, but hid in love,
> Give me, through labor, rue and strife,
> To enter *deeper into life.*'"

How shallow and trivial is every other prayer that we can offer for ourselves compared with this—that we may "enter deeper into life!"

The value of religion is that is enriches life, and not at the edge, but in the center; not on the surface, but deep down; not in its chance rills and streams, of words and appearances and casual actions, but at the fountain-head of man's purposes, aims, ideals, secret instincts and desires. It gives men moral incentive, moral motive, moral power. Such life as this renovates society, and lays the only possible foundation that is enduring, for states, nations, civilization.

Jesus said, "I came that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly."

What a mission was that! We can conceive of none higher. If he had come bringing new knowledge to the world, as do our great scientists, that would have been much. If he had come giving clearer intellectual insights and wider philosophical generalizations, as do our philosophers, that, too, would have been of great service. But he came with gifts better than either. He came to give a new quickening to man's moral and spiritual life. His ear was ever close to nature, and so by day and night he heard her music. His heart was ever close to his brother, and so he felt the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the temptations and struggles of humanity, as his own. His soul was ever close to God, and so the tides of the Infinite Life swept through him. Hence his power to become a giver of life at its best to his fellow men!

Just as after the long cold and death of winter, in the northern lands, the coming back to the sun from his journey to the South, kindles new life everywhere in nature, so the presence of Jesus in Palestine kindled among his followers a new life of hope and faith. And the new life in them spread to others—hope kindled hope, faith kindled faith, courage kindled courage, love kindled love—until there was a springtime of new moral and spiritual life in all that eastern world.

More abundant life is what the world wants to-day, as it did 1,900 years ago. And we may all have it if we will. The same Infinite Fountains of life are open for us now that were open in Jesus' day. Jesus himself points the way to them now as he did then. We have seen that God's whole creative process culminates in life. But it is not life in any of its lower forms. It is life at its highest, richest, best. It is life rising to such moral beauty and perfection as we see in Jesus.

What is the most beautiful thing in all this world? A star? A rose? A sunset? The human form divine? There is something still finer. It is a noble human life.

To the task of helping Him to create this supremest beauty God invites you and me.

We talk about art. What is the finest of all fine arts? It is the art of living a true human life.

Who that has visited such noble temples of worship as the great cathedrals of England or France or Germany, has not stood long with uncovered head in the presence of those sublime miracles of art? But St. Paul says, "Ye are God's temples." And think you that temples made with man's hands are worthy to be compared with the living temples of human souls, if those souls are beautified and perfected as souls should be?

Sometimes you have walked through a great sculpture gallery and found a statue from some master's hand, that has seemed to you so beautiful, so lofty, so noble, that you have stood and gazed and gazed, and felt that nothing else could equal it. Yet it is given to fathers and mothers and teachers to carve in the living marble of the young lives in their charge finer statues than ever were cut or ever will be in dead stone.

Sometimes you have read great poems that have thrilled you, and you have thought actual life has

nothing equal to these. But you were mistaken. There are poems being lived, alike in palaces and humble cottages, more beautiful than any poem that pen ever wrote. The most exquisite of all the minor poems of Wordsworth, that to Lucy, was lived before it was written. And it is so beautiful in its written form only because the poet was able to make it so true to the beautiful reality of the life.

You have listened to a great symphony sometimes—one of Beethoven's perhaps—and have been so stirred by its movement and so lifted up by its glorious harmonies that you have said, "It is the divinest creation of man." But you were mistaken. There is a symphony that is diviner.

Said one of God's prophets in our day, "I will write me a symphony. It shall be greater than Beethoven's. It shall be greater than organ or orchestra or human voice can express. It shall be a Symphony of Life. It shall be this: 'To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealth, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely; to wait occasion and never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this shall be my symphony—my Symphony of Life.'"

Did Beethoven ever write anything so great or so fine? Never!

I have asked what is the most beautiful thing in all the world. Do we not have it here? Is it not just this—a human being living his life rationally, simply, nobly, gladly, obediently to God's laws, in harmony with the universe, in peace with himself, in sympathy with his fellows, doing with joy the work which God has given him to do, preferring the things eternal to the things of an hour?

Oh, friends, it is to these high ideals of life that God is forever calling us. For these Jesus lived and died. In the light of these the noblest men and women of the world have walked. In the name of these churches are built and altars are dedicated. As an eternal witness to these religion exists. I believe it is to struggle toward these, and if beaten back to struggle again, until we attain that man is in the world.

Edward Rowland Sill, California's poet-prophet, whose genius burned itself out so early, has left among his verses an exquisite little poem, which, in half a dozen lines, tells us how to make all human life divine:

"Forenoon, and afternoon, and night!—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night!—Forenoon, and What!

The empty song repeats itself—No more?
Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,

This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

Hymn.

Written for the Unitarian Festival, held in Music Hall, Boston, June 1, 1899.

Tune: "Hamburg."

Again we gather at one board,
Our hearts with Nature's own in tune,
While from her golden urn is poured
The lavish wealth of opening June.
One Life we own, one Spirit share,
One revelation manifold;
One purpose high, as on we fare,
One faith in growing freedom hold.
What voices call from out the past,
What memories glad this festal hour;
What visions light the future vast,
To gird with courage and with power!
O Thou by whom our fathers wrought,
In whom from earthly toil they rest,
Still hold us open to Thy thought,
And faithful to Thy high behest.

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

The Study Table.

An Economist's View of the Pecuniary Culture.

The Theory of the Leisure Class. An Economic Study in the Evolution of Institutions. By Thorstein Veblin. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It is interesting and profoundly suggestive to encounter a book which deals with current social conditions as they are intimately presented to us, while yet employing the scientific attitude that objectifies them as if remote. The "Theory of the Leisure Class" performs the double service of clearing up the causes for many of the existing cumbersome social forms, and of tracing the ethnic and sociologic beginnings of the institutions which they regulate. Mr. Veblin has interested himself in a study of the leisure class as it appears to-day in nations of the Western culture. Incidental to this, he has followed back the entire evolution of its growth from its appearance as a tendency in the primitive social phase to its actual emergence in a higher barbarian status, whose predatory habit of life played a primary part in its distinguishment. It was here that opportunities for displaying prowess and its consequent trophies commenced an invidious distinction as regards employments. Those which came under the head of exploit were termed worthy, the every day peaceable routine duties unworthy. Class distinctions develop wherever the concept of dignity or honor is applied to persons or conduct; hence from this easy genesis the differentiation of the social orders takes its start. The emergence of the leisure class is found to coincide with the beginning of ownership, the earliest form of which in a predatory status is, of course, the ownership of women. Eventually the custom extended to the possession of things, the basis of that pecuniary emulation which is so marked a characteristic of the modern leisure class. Later still the ownership principle expresses itself as a self-sufficing industrialism, succeeding the exploit character of the earlier social growth. From being an evidence of efficiency, wealth gradually becomes something meritorious in itself, and finally passively acquired wealth is regarded as even more honorific.

Although the predatory instinct is never annulled, it is necessarily somewhat overlaid in a society constantly approaching industrialism. A strong psychologic motive comes to support the economic advance of the community, offsetting the wanton display of the exploitive faculty for its own sake. This motive Mr. Veblin has aptly named the instinct of workmanship—the propensity for achievement and the repugnance to futility—which coalesces with the incentive to pecuniary emulation, making the activities of men of a purposeful nature. It is curious to see how the tendency to industrial frugality born of this instinct is crossed by the growing demands of a conventionalized leisure class reputability. For from the superior pecuniary class there is required not only abstention from productive work—labor being tabood on account of its traditional baseness—but a habit of life in consonance with an avowed superiority of status. The respect of others must be maintained by the evidences of certain conspicuous leisure, elaborating a system of social ceremonial, and later by conspicuous consumption, with its various modes of evidencing an honorific waste.

It were perhaps well at this point to define the leisure class as the author interprets it. Leisure is used not in the sense of indolence or quiescence, but as the non-productive consumption of time. Time is consumed non-productively both from a sense of the unworthiness of the work, and as an evidence of pecuniary ability to afford a life of idleness. The exact

definition is important when we come to view present modifications of the leisure inheritance. The archaic traits of various previous cultural stages are conserved in the existing status. For instance, the instinct of race solidarity, conscience, and the instinct of workmanship in its non-invidious expression are derived from the earliest phase of culture, the peaceable. But they were strong enough to sustain themselves and become hereditary despite the altered requirements of the predatory and quasi-peaceable stages. In these were developed emulation and antagonism, resulting in traits of ferocity, force and fraud. Now, with the waxing of social integration under a more advanced social order, two classes of needs make themselves felt along with the two modern economic institutions roughly categoried as pecuniary and industrial. The latter, having the collective interest in their processes, require the aptitudes of the early peaceable culture. The discipline of the former acts to conserve and cultivate the predatory animus. These pecuniary employments, having the sanction of reputability in a higher degree than the industrial, come in modern life to be sustained by the leisure class. Consequently it is here that the prestige of the invidious aptitudes is upheld and certain of the predatory traits conserved. The typical aristocratic virtues are those of masterful aggression and rigid status, and these are the dominant ones to-day, although the pecuniary virtues of prudence and chicane have become complementary in their exercise. Inevitably the industrial efficiency of modern life is retarded by an institution expressing these principles.

The concrete effect of the archaic inheritances in our current society is the discussion of the later chapters. Although a prefatory apology is offered for thus dealing with the familiar, almost private, facts of men's motives and lives, the practical value of the book lies exactly in this impersonal and frank approach to matters of daily cognizance. Whether or no the author's discriminations be accepted, at least a classification in economic terms is of worth as denoting one aspect presented by phenomena to an unbiased judgment. In modern survivals of prowess, we discern the transmuted fighting propensity of the earlier culture displaying as the martial spirit, patriotism in short. The enthusiasm for war, the index of the predatory temper, shows itself in largest measure among the leisure class. Government is their avowed occupation. So also the duel, a bellicose chivalric survival, is an upper class addiction, and sports, another expression of the arrested spiritual development of archaic times. In the evolution of sports, the instinct of workmanship crosses the leisuristic canon of futility, so that a certain dexterity and emulative astuteness must be combined with the decorous recreative requirements. In discussing the serviceability of such games for the development of character and physique—a frequent claim of their supporters—Mr. Veblin remarks that "the relation of football to physical culture is much the same as that of the bull fight to agriculture." Modern competition, a form of barbarian self-assertion, is criticised upon economic grounds, where it is seen to be disserviceable to community interests. But while in general the traits of the predaceous temper are anti-economic, they are nevertheless effective ministrants to the æsthetic and ethical predilections.

The chapter dealing with devout observances makes plain the organic relation of the anthropomorphic cults (in their external features) to the barbarian culture and temperament. The belief in luck and the habit of wager are survivals from an early animism. Both are characteristic of the sporting man. The animistic propensity is the same psychological element which is exhibited in the anthropomorphic cults. The sporting temperament readily shades off into the religious devotee. College athletics and college religious associations are closely related. The numerous pseudo-military organizations under clerical sanction offer an analogous instance in their cultivation of the emulative and invidious proclivities, as well as of the relation of subserviency. The use of martial epithets and invidious comparisons in characterizing the relations of human and divine is typical of the régime of status. Conspicuous waste in sacred edifices, sacred holidays exercising a taboo on labor, also witness to the motives of reputability in the governance of a preternatural leisure class. Viewed economically, exceptional devoutness, like competition, is antagonistic to the modern industrial situation. Since the only hereditary leisure class in the American community is to be found in the South, it follows that we have here both the more archaic devotional life and the more primitive industrial organization. Correspondingly, the whole scheme of Southern life, with its lively sense of honor, its duels, sportsmanship and chivalry, instances the temper of the barbarian stage of development.

As the economic advance in some measure disintegrates the status of the anthropomorphic cults, we find traversing the devout rule of life certain non-invidious motives making for human solidarity and sympathy. A completer communion with the environment, the impulses of charity and sociability come to be expressed by the leisure class. The "settlement" feature of to-day belongs to this class of motives.

But it is the bent given to education by the caste impress that is of special interest in an age just beginning a rational adjustment of educational methods. As learning was early affiliated with the priestly craft, the savant as well as the priest became habituated to form, precedent and ritual.

A traditional lore, making for conservatism both in life and scholarship, a knowledge for its own sake, historical, classical, cognitive, has been the contribution of the schools; such a contribution, in short, as befits the after needs of the leisuristic constituency who patronize them. The invidious personal régime of status displays itself in the use of emulation as a spur to diligence. The position of the classics, too, is due solely to the continuance of that archaic standard of reputability imposing a derogation of economic efficiency.

It is happily true, however, that our Western industrial process has begun to bear fruit in a development of science, a science in terms of casual sequence which directly affects its practical necessities. Although it is as yet largely an extra-scholastic expression, it must in time invade the discipline of the colleges, with the result of an actual economic applicability to our civilization. Another advanced sign of the times is that of the kindergarten discipline, which directs the child's conative efforts from the beginning by the non-invidious method. Education thus evinces some evidence of a trend away from the leisuristic virtures of archaism and waste. The question is beginning tardily to be viewed as economic rather than æsthetic. The case of the modern woman, which aptly asserts itself here as symtomatic of the revaluations all along described, can only be referred to in concluding. This vicarious leisure class, for so was the sex instituted in the barbarian dominance, is also striving for a rational emancipation. The "new woman" movement, as yet incoherent and confused, is nevertheless a demand for release from the régime of status or vicarious merit and demerit. A supercedure in the direction of the independent unfolding of the feminine life, an abrogation of imposed proprietary canons, with a resulting productive contribution to the economic community, seem to be the promissory resultant of sex equalization in educational and life opportunity.

LAURA McADOO TRIGGS.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Those who love Nature truly, never quite lose their childlike impressions of her.
MON.—No one should be frightened by experiences, no matter what they are, how unhappy or how happy.
TUES.—Happiness is not a bad training in its way.
WED.—There would almost seem to be a luxury in suffering, when some one is good enough to be sympathetic.
THURS.—It looks very much as though we only learnt some of the human virtues when we have not much time left to practice them.
FRI.—Indifference means paralysis of the soul, and that illness is to be dreaded beyond any other.
SAT.—It is the people who know how to rest, who do continuous good work.

—*Beatrice Harraden.*

Clear Grit.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P., "I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?" How eagerly his little eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise. Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I will try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography and you may pay me the remainder when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places." The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice, new pencil and some clean, nice white paper in it.

"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I ever can get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy stood in his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he; "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm, that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night and the water gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post. It was surprising to see these men bow before the strong will of their captain and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, rebukingly, "Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it then I will abandon the vessel, and not before, nor any one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps." Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock of Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men." And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gangplank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said, "Judge P., do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," said he, "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly!—*Sailor's Magazine.*

A light of duty shines on every day for all.—*Wordsworth.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Free Religious Association.—The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the recent annual meeting, held in Boston: Lewis G. Janes of Cambridge, president, who succeeds T. W. Higginson, retired; Felix Adler of New York, Elizabeth B. Chase of Valley Falls, R. I., George Hoadley of New York, Nathaniel Holmes of Cambridge, William M. Salter of Chicago, Solomon Schindler of Boston, B. F. Underwood of Quincy, Ill., Moncure D. Conway of London, Minot J. Savage of New York, Edwin D. Mead of Boston and Alfred W. Martin of Tacoma, Wash., vice-president; W. H. Hamlen of Malden, secretary, succeeding Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, who refused reëlection; Albert S. Parsons of Lexington, assistant treasurer; J. A. J. Wilcox, treasurer; Paul Revere Frothingham of New Bedford, Ruth Gibson of Medford and George W. Stevens of Boston, directors for three years; Mrs. Ole Bull of Cambridge, Charles Fleischer of Boston and Mrs. Judith W. Smith of East Boston, directors for two years; R. P. Hallowell of West Medford, Miss Rebecca R. Joslin of Boston, and Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge directors for one year; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney and Charles F. Dole, directors for four years.

The Congregationalists.—The oldest ecclesiastical organization in America is the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational ministers. It held its two hundred and seventeenth annual meeting last week. Into this body the schism of the Unitarian heresy has never entered. But Trinitarian and Unitarian sit down together long enough at least to guard together certain trust funds for the benefit of aged and indigent ministers. At the recent meeting Rev. G. M. Bartol of Lancaster, Mass., the oldest acting Unitarian pastor, took part, and a greeting was passed to the International Triennial conclave of Congregationalists, to be held in Boston next September.

The Rejected Resolution.—The following resolution, presented by Rev. Charles G. Ames to the American Unitarian Association at its recent annual meeting, was suppressed in the committee room and never reported back: "Resolved, That in our judgment the government of the United States can best preserve our national honor and interests by abandoning all claim to ownership and sovereignty of the Philippine Islands, by recognizing their independence, by employing its friendly offices in the restoration of order, and by negotiating such treaties as may secure them from molestation by other foreign powers."

Chicago.—In the absence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones in Boston, the pulpit of All Souls Church was occupied on Sunday morning by Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, of the Chicago University, who spoke on "Caliban, A Study of Primitive Man." * * * The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools announces its second annual outing at Hinsdale, Saturday afternoon, June 10; a special car on the C., B. & Q. railroad will leave the Union depot (Canal and Adams streets) at ten minutes past twelve, stopping at Western avenue at 12:23. Round-trip fare, 35 cents, payable on the train.

Jewish.—"Chapters on Jewish Literature," by Israel Abrahams, is the latest production of the Jewish Publication Society, which now numbers 5,370 members, expended last year $25,216.64, and is preparing a new translation of the Bible. Ample preparations have been made for the third summer Assembly of the Jewish Chautauquan Society, to be held at Atlantic City, from July 14-30. Some of the features will be a lecture on "Zangwill" and "Kipling," by Prof. Vincent of Philadelphia; a popular consideration of the Five Scrolls; a course in post-Biblical history and literature, by Drs. R. Gottheil and J. Kraus Hopf; addresses by Professor Bamberger of Chicago and Dr. Hall of the New York Theological Seminary; illustrative Sabbath-school lessons; sermons by prominent rabbis, etc. Dr. H. Berkowitz of Philadelphia is chancellor. Six rabbis will be graduated from the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati next week. Dr. Krauskopf of Philadelphia will deliver the baccalaureate sermon. Less than 700 Jews of New York have already contributed over $750,000 toward the erection of a new building for the non-sectarian Mount Sinai Hospital. The appointments on the house staff and medical staff and the admission of patients are made without regard to religious faith. Two learned bodies have selected Jews as the successors of Mr. Gladstone. The French Academy of Political Science appointed Signor Luigi Luzzatti and the Royal Academy of Sciences in Belgium chose Mr. T. M. C. Asser. Mr. Asser represents Holland, and Mr. Raffalovitch represents Russia at the International Peace Congress at the Hague.

Oakland, Cal.—The First Unitarian Church, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, minister, announces the following special summer services for June and July:

GOD IN NATURE.

June 11. "The Grandeur of Mountains."
June 18. "The Symbolism of the Sea."
June 25. "The Glory of the Night Skies."

RELIGION IN THE POETS.

July 2. "The Religion of Lowell."
July 9. "The Religion of Whitman."
July 16. "The Religion of Whittier."

MEMORABLE SUNDAYS ABROAD.

July 23. "A Sunday in Rome—At St. Peter's and the Catacombs."
July 30. "A Sunday in Florence—With Dante and Savonarola."
August 6. "A Sunday on the Mount of Olives—Gethsemane, Calvary and Jerusalem."

Children's Service.—The Sunday-school will be suspended until August 6. But all children who do not go away are invited to meet every Sunday morning at 9:45 in the Sunday-school room for a "Children's Church." The pastor will give talks on "Lessons from Great Americans," illustrated with lantern slides.

June 11. "The Pilgrims—Visit to Plymouth."
June 18. "Washington—Story of His Life."
June 25. "Washington—Visit to Mount Vernon."
July 2. Franklin—Visit to Philadelphia."
July 9. "Longfellow—Visit to Cambridge."
July 16. "Poems of Longfellow." Illustrated.
July 23. "Lessons from Nature—Visit to Niagara."
July 30. "Lincoln—Visit to National Capital."

Young People's Religious Union meets 6:30 p. m.
June 4. "Things that Endure." Mr. Stetson.
June 11. "Lessons of Hardships." Miss Thompson.
June 18. "Charity in Opinions." Mr. Piersol.
June 25. Reading. Miss Sunderland.

Books Received.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston: The Works of Edward Everett Hale, Library Edition. Vol. II. "In His Name and Christmas Stories."

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York: "The Standard Intermediate School Dictionary of the English Language." $1.00.

Cassell & Co., London, Paris, New York, Melbourne: "Wild Life at Home—How to Study and Photograph." By R. Kearton, F. Z. S.

George H. Ellis, Boston: "Poems of Nature and Life." By John Wilt Randall. Edited by Francis Ellingwood Abbot.

The Open Court Publishing Company. "The Religion of Science." By Paul Carus. Twenty-five cents.

Thoughts From Thoreau.

A sincere thought is irresistible.
The good genius is sure to prevail.
We do not live by justice but by grace.
A great thought is never found in a mean dress.

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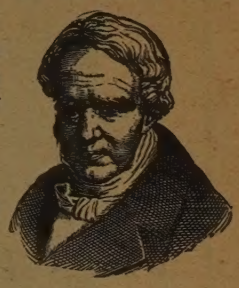

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17. Progress: Its Law and Cause.....SPENCER.
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21. The Physical Basis of Life.....HUXLEY.
22. Seeing and Thinking.....CLIFFORD.
23. Scientific Sophisms.....WAINWRIGHT.
24. Popular Scientific Lectures.....HELMHOLTZ.
25. The Origin of Nations.....RAWLINSON.
26. The Evolutionist at Large.....GRANT ALLEN.
27. The History of Landholding in England...FISHER.
28. Fashion in Deformity.....FLOWER. Manners and Fashion.....SPENCER.
29. Facts and Fictions of Zoölogy.....WILSON.
30, 31. The Study of Words.—Part I. Part II.....TRENCH.
32. Hereditary Traits.....PROCTOR.
33. Vignettes from Nature.....GRANT ALLEN.
34. The Philosophy of Style.....SPENCER. The Mother Tongue.....BAIN.
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40. Scientific Evidence of Organic Evolution..ROMANES. Paleontology and Doctrine of Evolution...HUXLEY. Natural Selection and Natural Theology..CONDER.
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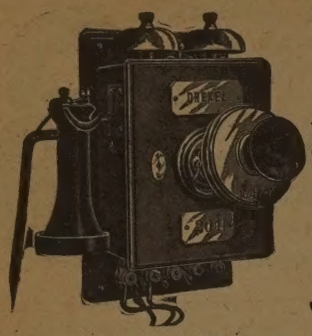

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